



PAN-ARUBAN



CHINA WRITES DIPLOMATIC NOTE

A protest against invasion of China by Russia has been sent to all signatories of the Kellogg Anti-war Treaty. The ministry of China sent identical telegrams to Chinese ministers abroad instructing them to convey Governments signatory to the Kellogg Treaty the facts of the soviet invasion of Chinese territory and occupation of Manchuria and Dalainor.

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NOTRE DAME NOT CONSIDERING TOURNEY OF ROSES

Coach Knute Rockne announced on Nov. 26th that the Notre Dame football season will come to a close when the Notre Dame team meets the Army in New York today. There was some belief that Notre Dame might accept an invitation to play the "Tournament of Roses" game in California on New Year's day.

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U. S. COMMERCE INCREASES

The growth of the United States as a producer of finished manufactured goods is reflected in the report of the Commerce Department's Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, made public on November 18th. It shows exports of factory products valued at \$2,500,000,000 during the fiscal year. It represents an increase of more than one hundred per cent in a six year period. The export trade of the United States, including all commodities, now exceeds \$5,000,000,000. per year.

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ITALY AND JUGOSLAVIA DISAGREE

Fresh trouble seemed to be brewing the other day between Italy and Jugoslavia, whose relations for years have not been the best. Complaints were made Rome against an alleged new anti-alban campaign fomented by harsh treatment of Italian subjects by Serbian and Albanian bandits who have gone unpunished.

STANFORD AND HARVARD WIN IN WEEK'S UPSSETS

Before a crowd of 90,000 people in Stanford Stadium, the boys from Leland Stanford last Saturday overwhelmed the California Bears with their complaisant giving interseasonal victory over Pennsylvania. The score board after an afternoon of hard going showed Stanford 21--California 6.

The Crimson soared to new heights this season by tagging the Eli youths with a 10 to 6 defeat, an accomplishment considering that Booth almost single-handed took the Army's measure. Cambridge and Boston won't be the same place again until a new mayor stabilizes the Blue-Law section--such is the way when Harvard beats Yale.

Other scores via the air route gives Notre Dame a 23 to 6 win over Northwestern; Illinois a 27 to 0 margin over Ohio State; with Michigan and Iowa drawing a goose egg apiece as the rewards in their annual battle.

Following is a virtual play-by-play story of the sport writer's relish, the Yale--Harvard classic:

First Quarter: Play was about even with Static having a little the best of it. The quarter ends with Harper of Harvard going thru for 3 yds. Its second down and 7 to go, ball on Harvard's 24 yard line.

Second Quarter: The Harvard Band pops up the Crimson warriors with the Harvard victory song. Dovins, Harvard back, pounds left side of line for 2 yards; tries the same spot again with no gain. Its fourth and 5 on Harvard's own 26 yard line. Harvard punts out of bounds to Yalos 42 yard line. Woodstock, Yale, hits center for 6 yards. McMennin gets away and runs to Harvard's 23 yard line. Mac plows line again for 2 yards. On next try, misses hole and a gain. Booth is rushed in to try drop kick. Booth standing on 36 yard line kicks low into line, Harvard recovering ball on their own 18 yard line. Devin makes 3 yds. Devin sneaks thru to 35 yard line. Wood makes seven yards and Devin adds five thru center. Devin makes it a first down

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

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.....

EDITORIAL COMMENT**MEET YOURSELF!**

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is an old generalization which parents have used to iron rib their oft-given advice. Reaching the climax of their little talks, they revert to some old truism to cinch the nub issues, as if the truism in itself proves the issue. They accept as proof that which is to be proved.

This generalization lies in the same category as the old saying, "No generalization is true, even this one." And

here's where we break away from what might seem like an exposition on logic.

If familiarity breeds contempt, most of us will never hold ourselves as contemptible, for the years pass by and we make up unacquainted with Mr. Self. Great minds say that man reaches his maximum usefulness after fifty--he is just then learning to know himself; getting familiarly acquainted with his powers and his limitations; he knows whether he's chasing a rainbow or pushing on practically, progressively.

It is generally accepted that familiarity with one's work, with a subject under study, with human nature, with life's obligations, makes that man a more valuable member of society than the casual wayfarer on life's road of experiences. Then why not become familiar with the spiritual, mental and physical outlook of this person with whom we live, whom we subject to these experiences?

The scientist seeks out each factor and records its casual relationship on the results of the experiment. The business executive weighs each unit of the organization against the cost of production, service and the business outlook. Its not necessary to make a laboratory of your soul, but your ambitions will be more easily realized if you are familiar with that person, Self.

Wholesome friendships, dreams and life itself, blossom more fruitfully under a sun of familiarity.

.....

" BRIDGE "

When Bridge is played by men alone
It's quite a different game
From what the women make of it--
Indeed, it's very tame.

Each man sits down with dignity
And lights a cigarette,
And from his countenance you'd think
He'd paid his country's debt.

One deals, and then the bidding --
A grunt perhaps is heard.
They play quite far into the night
Without an excess word.

Occasionally one will remark,
"How is your wife now, Ed?"
"All right--three clubs," is his reply,
And little more is said.

While this is what the women do
Before they start to play,
They all must gossip "just a bit"
For they have lots to say.

And finally they all sit down
To have their "quiet game."
Although they deal and bid and play
They're talking just the same.

"My husband beat me with--two clubs,"
"And then the doctor said--"
"You should have thrown your heart away--"
"It's light blue trimmed with red."

"The children are an awful care--"
"I only had the ton--"
"I never thought he'd marry me"
"I had no diamonds then."

"They say she ran away with him--"
"I'd like to see--your hand."
"I didn't know you had the Jack--"
"I think John Gilbert's grand."

"You should have pulled the King, my dear."
"They say he's married, too."
"She's forty and she's dyed it black."
"I led my clubs to you."

"She used to be a chorus girl--"
"They live up on the Ridge--"
"Three clubs--she did?--with whom, my dear,"
And yet they call it Bridge.
By Agnes Church

The above, written by Agnes Church, an
employee of the United Fruit Co., was
sent to us as a contribution by one of
her Pan-Aruban friends.

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THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Welcomes you to the Sunday School ser-
vices held at the School House each Sun-
day morning at ten o'clock; to singing
practice Friday night in the Mess Hall
at seven thirty; and to the Church Ser-
vices Sunday evening 7:30 in the Mess
Hall. Pastor Jack Emory will be the
speaker tomorrow evening.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Are you overlooking a bet? In mak-
ing Christmas Gift selections, have you
thought of the one that will be the most
lasting and most appreciated remembrance
you could send or have sent from Aruba;
one that your folks, or friend, or sweet-
heart will hang up a stocking for every
week instead of only once a year; one
that will keep them in closer touch with
you and your environment than anything
else; and one that is so easy for you to
arrange?

We mean "THE PAN-ARUBAN." For four
dollars and a half you can have "THE PAN-
ARUBAN" sent to them weekly for a year.
(See Page 2 for other rates.) Where
else can you get fifty two so appropriate
and interesting gifts for this amount?
It just isn't done, and in order to assure
yourself that the first copy of "THE PAN-
ARUBAN" will reach the surprised and deli-
ghted friend or relative by Christmas,
you must place the subscription at once.

For your convenience, we are appending
a coupon to be filled out and dropped
in the plant mail addressed to the
Editor or handed to any member of the
PAN-ARUBAN Staff. If you wish us to
enclose a "Greetings" note with the
Christmas copy, please indicate with (X).

The PAN-ARUBAN,
Pan-Aruba, San Nicholas, D.W.I.

Please enter my Christmas subscription
to your paper as follows:

() 6 Months Aruba	-	\$1.25
() 1 Year "	-	2.25
() 6 Months Foreign	-	2.50
() 1 Year "	-	4.50

and mail to: (if foreign)

Name: _____

Address: _____

() Also, please enclose "Greetings
& Best Wishes" from me with the
Christmas Copy.

(Signature) _____

Camp Address: _____

'AS WE GET IT'

4.

Society on the Island is all aflutter this week over the announcement made by Miss Gravstein and Miss Flacey that they would shortly open their town house for the winter months, and that this important event would be occasion for a house-warming. Invitations have already been issued to a score or more friends.

Those two charming Debutantes have been sunning down on the Caribbean Shore, where they were constantly the center of Pan-Aruba's smartest social circle. The town house is located high up among the one hundred and thirties, in the exclusive school house section.

.....
There are some dandy books in the new circulating library. Good books and a membership open to everybody ought to produce the result of burning a little mid-night oil for the next few months. We say a dandy collection, suited to varying tastes. There's to be an opportunity to carry home a book three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and the library is easily found on those evenings--on the front porch of the Moss Hall.

.....
With one hand we shake Jin Crosbie's hand and say good bye; with the other we welcome Oscar Henschke back from the wilds of Colorado. Between a farewell and a welcome for our friends, we are constantly moving. We hope Jin has a good time and hustles back and we're glad Oscar got back in time for our Thanksgiving. GOOD BYE and HELLO to our vacationing friends.

.....
Only 20 more Shopping Days until Christmas.

THE RETAIL COMMISSARY ANNOUNCES
THE RECEIPT OF:
CHRISTMAS CARDS MALLAGA CLUSTER RAISINS
WHITE ROCK SODA WATER
UNSHELLED MIXED NUTS
CORPON'S CANNED FISH CAKES
CANNED CORN ON THE COB
PIMENTO CHEESE

Aruba may have no Puritans numbered among her residents, but that did not stop the residents from celebrating in a most appropriate manner the day which the Puritans originated--Thanksgiving Day.

In the States, the day is recognized as a Holiday, but then in the States they are not so busy as we are in Aruba, where every moment counts. But it is doubtful if at any place in the States or elsewhere that the entire populace of a community enjoyed a better Turkey Dinner than the one to which the Pan-Arubans sat down.

The Chinese rush system of serving was hardly an improvement over the old honey-peaceful atmosphere in which Thanksgiving Dinners are generally served, but nevertheless the food was good, and certainly the tables groaned with the quantity of it.

The Stewards' Department is to be commended for the excellence of the menu. They served something to be thankful for with every course.

.....
The celebration was not confined to the Moss Halls. There were various Thanksgiving parties given at many of the bungalows in the Camp. Several of the newly-wed brides tackled the roasting of their first turkey, handicapped with the temporary oil stoves now furnished the bungalows. But the modern bride, in Aruba at any rate, ably copes with the most difficult situations, and comes out very successfully. The carving done by the newly-wed bridgrooms was done under pretty much the same situation as it would have been at home--with plenty of splashing gravy, and much advice from the "rear seat drivers."

.....
Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Henley entertained six of their friends with a turkey dinner Thanksgiving evening. At precisely 6 P.M. when dinner was announced by the fair hostess, the festive board fairly bulged with food. One hour later the guests were doing the bulging. Bolts were unloosened, and even Tom Wilburn registered normal weight after that meal. Every one was filled with the spirit of the day--and a few spirits of previous days.

You, verily, the Henleys did carry on

in noble fashion the custom started by Ye Puritan Forefathers. And you, vorily all their guests count the Honloys among their choicest blessings.

During the evening, as in Ye Olde Days, yarns were spun. And such yarns as our modern youth can spin. Some of them highly colorful; some of them nice and warm, like real yarn. And then there was the little heart-rending tale, one of those tragedies from real life which should find its way into "TRUE STORIES." Bud Dearborn told a most pathetic little story of his early life. He was calling steadily upon a certain fair maid. Christmas time was nearing. He wanted to give her something which she would like, and something which would make her like him. After many sleepless nights of thought trying to decide upon just the right gift, Bud made a decision.

He purchased a very beautiful manicure set, and had it all initialed and every thing. Then, on Christmas day, when he was presenting the manicure set to the lady, he discovered--alas, that she chewed her finger nails.

And so Bud has lived in single blessedness ever since.

PICNIC PARTY PARTS

The many by-ways and cross roads of Aruba proved too much for a party of picnic-ers who started out Saturday afternoon in three cars. The result was one of the cars became lost in the maze of cactus hedged roads to the north of San Nicholas, and was lost from the rest of the party.

The picnic was being given by Elgard Rey, celebrating his (?) birthday. The unfortunate thing was that Mr. Roy was in the car which became lost, and therefore he did not get to the picnic he planned. However, so thoroughly had Mr. Rey arranged the details of the party that the guests who did find Fontaine's, the picnic grounds, had a most glorious afternoon, despite the fact that only the liquid portion of the refreshments were carried in their cars.

Saturday evening the entire picnic party, joined by many others, got together at the Bungalow of Mr. McLoughlin, where dancing and refreshments were thoroughly enjoyed. There were no pus-

zling by-ways up there, and every one found the way to a good time.

Mr. Roy is to be congratulated upon his natal day, and for his ability as a host. It is indeed a feat to conduct a party by remote control, as it were, and keep every one happy in two different places at the same time.

PLEA FOR THE ARUBAN TIRED BUSINESS MAN

Some time ago there was printed in the P.M.-ARUBAN a suggestion that the ladies of the Camp who are not employed in the offices, arrange their trips to the Commissary so as to avoid being on the Bus at the rush hours--twelve o'clock noon and 4:30 P.M. The ladies who were in Camp at the time this notice was published have very kindly complied with this suggestion, and we are repeating it at this time for the benefit of those ladies who have arrived in Aruba since then.

We feel certain these new comers will comply with this simple request, and by doing so, oblige not only the men of the Camp, but at the same time insure greater comfort for themselves and their children in getting back and forth on the Bus.

SOME CLOSING STOCK PRICES ON NOV. 26, 1929

Am. Tel. & Tel	219
Atlantic Refining	4-5/8
General Electric	108 $\frac{3}{4}$
National Biscuit	55
United Fruit	109 $\frac{1}{2}$
Missouri Pacific	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
Reading	119
Air Reduction	128
American Tobacco	200
Dupont	111
Int. Tel. & Tel.	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
U.S. Steel	163 $\frac{1}{2}$
B. & O.	116
N.Y.N.H. & H.	111

(Subject to correction)

Col. Charles Lindbergh said in an address before the Princeton Students last Tuesday that within a very short time airplanes will be as simple to operate as motor boats.

SPORTS

6.

HARVARD TROUNCES YALE

(Continued from Page 1):

on Yale's 45 yard line. Devins passes laterally to Mays who is run down by two Yale men 15 yards from a touchdown. Yale takes time out; substitutes center. Mays makes 4 yds. thru Yale line. On next play Mays is downed on line of scrimmage. 3d down and 6 to go. On cross buck behind line, Devins makes a yard, 4th and 5. From a fake drop kick formation Wood passes to Mays who is thrown on Yale's 4 yard line. 1st and goal to go. Devins makes a yard and add a yard and a half. Harper, Harvard, goes over for touch down. Score: Harvard 6, Yale 0. Wood kicks beautiful drop for extra point. Score: Harvard 7, Yale 0. Ellis receives kickoff for Yale on his own 2 yard line and returns 18 yards. Booth tries center for no gain. On next play Yale makes three yards off tackle. Douglas, Harvard End, blocks Yale punt on Yale's 18 yard line and Harvard recovers ball. Devins goes around right end for a 1st down. On next play, Harvard fumbles ball but recovers behind line. 2d and 11 to go. Palmer loses a yard, 3d and 12. Wood passes to Mays who is dropped on Yale's 5 yard line. Wood drops back to the 15 yd. line and drop kicks three points. Score: Harvard 10, Yale 0.

Taylor receives for Yale and returns to his own 38 yard line. Taylor did some nice open field running on his 28 yd. return. In four tries Yale gains a yd. Booth kicks to Mays who returns to Harvard's 37 yard line. Mays makes three yards in two downs. Harvard is penalized 5 yards for off-side. Devins was hurt on Harvard's last scoring fest and is taken out, Whitmore substituting. Yale blocks Wood's punt and recovers ball on Harvard's 24 yard line. Ellis goes over for touchdown after receiving a beautiful pass from Booth. Score: Harvard 10, Yale 6. Booth fails to convert. Yale kicks off to Harvard, Whitmore receiving on his own 15 yard line returns to the 35 yd. chalk. Whitmore tries center for no gain. Half ends with Harvard leading 10 to 6.

Second Half: The last two periods are scoreless with a see-sawing up and down the field. Most of the playing in the second half was done in Harvard territory. Yale nuffed a chance to score after marching up the field to Harvard's 19 yd. line. Devins nearly got away with a clear field ahead for another Harvard touchdown in the fourth quarter, but slipped momentarily after making 10 yards. The game ends with Ellis carrying the ball for Yale on Yale's 35 yard line. The difference between the two teams may be reduced to Wood's educated toe and his presence on the Harvard team. Harvard's passing had picked up over the previous week. Yale didn't collect on the aerial game save for a couple of gains, most of Yale's gains being made between tackle and tackle of the Harvard line. Final Score: Harvard 10, Yale 6.

FOOT BALL SCORES NOVEMBER 16th

SOUTH:

Kentucky 23	V.M.I. 12
Tennessee 13	Vanderbilt 0
Duke 19	N.C.State 12
Florida 13	Clonson 7
Maryland 24	V.P.I. 0
So.Carolina 2	Furman 0
Citadel 21	Mercer 0
S.M.U. 25	Baylor 6
Alabama 14	Ga. Tech. 0
Virginia 13	Wash. & Lee 13
W.State Teachers 6	Georgetown,Ky.0

EAST:

Pittsburg 34-	Carnegie 13
Harvard 12	Holy Cross 6
Yale 13	Princeton 0
Ronna. 20	Columbia 0
Georgetown 0	W.Virginia 0
Davis Elkins' 12	Villanova 6
Brown 66	Norwich 6
Tufts 7	Bowdoin 6
N.Y.U. 14	Missouri 0
Dartmouth 18	Cornoll 14
Bucknell 27	Penn State 6
Fordham 40	Thiel 7
Army 89	Dickinson 7
Colgate 21	Syracuse 0
Rutgers 14	Lehigh 0
Navy 61	Walm Forest 0

FOOT BALL SCORES, Continued

WEST:

Indiana 19	Northwestern 14
Purdue 7	Iowa 0
Illinois 20	A. A. CHICAGO 6
Detroit 27	Michigan 0
Nebraska 13	Oklahoma 13
Kansas 13	Washington 0
Oglethorpe 7	St. Xavier 0
Ohio State 54	Kanoyan 0
Union 25	Hamilton 6
Crimmell 27	Carleton 6
Drake 7	Iowa State 0
Oberlin 8	Reserve 6
Slip Rock 13	W.C. Teach. 6
Kron 14	Casa 0
Ohio U. 46	Mariotta 0
Michi 31	Denison 0

IN THE TENNIS REALM

CALL FOR ENTRANTS FOR NEW YEAR'S ELIMINATION TOURNAMENT: CONTEST EAGLE SUNDAY

Elimination matches for the New Year Tennis Finals will get under way on December 10th. Drawings will be made on December 7th to match the entrants for the first round. All entrants should leave their name with "Red" English, the Employee's Association Tennis director, before that date.

Of interest to the tennis fans is the match play to be run off at the Eagle Refinery tomorrow afternoon, starting at 2 P.M. Rutz and Schulenberg will contest the Eagle stars in singles play. Rutz and Cross make up one team for the doubles and Myers and Schulenberg the other duo. Myers and Mrs. Oxley are mixing it in the mixed doubles, while Mrs. Oxley and Miss Reeve represent Pan-Aruba in the ladies' doubles. From the fast play in previous matches, we predict an afternoon of mighty good matches. It'll make it a lot more interesting if the Pan Am team has some support on the side-lines from their own gallery. We'll be glad to see you there tomorrow afternoon at 2.

THE MARINER'S LOG

One of the joys of being Officer of the Watch is the pleasant duty I have to perform of welcoming old friends and new. This week I extend the

hand of friendship and welcome to Mrs. Rodger, who certainly seems to have benefited by her holiday. I say "holiday" reservedly as I hear that during her stay at home, her eldest daughter broke the brooms of single blessedness and, altho not married myself, my own ideas are that on these splendid occasions, Mother is always the busiest person around.

I have also to welcome Paddy, who has returned to the fold as it were. The hand of welcome I also gladly extend to Miss Mabel Rodger and to Mrs. Lock who visits Aruba for the first time.

Christmas is coming. I have no doubt all our budding 2d Mates have taken careful note of this and are preparing for the great day. Of course, we always look to the second mate on these occasions as its only the 12 to 4 that can deal rightly with these affairs. And so to it that the Christmas cake is ordered. I hear the Commissary Staff is awfully anxious to meet all our 2d Mates and take their orders for Christmas Cakes and Puddings. These, I take it, will be delivered right to your door in our van upon payment of the first installment. You will also receive our Free Life Insurance Policy-- Thank you, Mr. Drago, it's quite a pleasure. Not at all, our men will lay the line.

Speaking of Mr. Drago calls back memories of England and that in turn reminds me of my last letter. Most of us (except those carried away in heavenly bliss) are poor hands at writing letters. It seems to be a sad complaint, out in the tropics. Personally, my last letter was short and sweet though I managed to "spread" it over two whole pages. Since then I have discovered that I suffer from a serious complaint called by the mysterious name of "Macrography", the symptoms of which are - Writing of great size, an indication of nervous disorder--I am sorry to say that my future letters will always contain numerous specimens of the Macrograph germ and I shall continue nervous. NOTICE TO MARINERS: The red light is temporarily out of business.

This Week's Short Story: A Jow - a bottle-
ho slipped--a Scotchman rendered First Aid.
This Week's Slogan:
Oi'll see you thru.

OFFICER OF THE WATCH

BETWEEN THE COVERS

Book Review by THE PARROTT

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

by Jean Marie Romarque

The circulating library opened Wednesday and indeed the choice of books is extraordinarily good and modern.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT has been perhaps the most discussed novel of the year. It deals of course with the eleven years past conflict where Yanks, Tarrys, Poilus and Fritzios (those words have already acquired an old fashioned character,) lived in mudholes shot across no man's land, occasionally came out for a dash and for a flirt with death. The book is excellent; it is so impersonal and human. The boy whose story one follows is a German private--he could be British, French or American. His experiences would be the same. He is just a man going through a period of hardship like a thousand others did then. He is no hero, he goes where he is ordered to go, fights when he is told to, dodges death as best he can and longs incessantly for food. He grabs at it whenever it comes his way. One rouds of hunger--a never abated hunger page after page. Through hardship, fear, courage and fatigue the man has retraced his steps from civilization to a primitive state where food is his one and only essential need. When the boy is sent on leave he is not happy for he finds his family tortured, as he is, by hunger and when later he spends three weeks guarding Russian prisoners in a Northern camp, he is satisfied when he compares his fate with that of the pathetic and fatalistic prisoners who see dying one by one from lack of food. The gripping climax is set in a shell hole. It is a drama of fear, it brings out the latent instinct of man to live; the man--like a jungle beast--kills that he may live. Romarque, the author is a German. He enlisted when he was still a boy going through college. Since peace, he has held minor teaching positions until ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT brought him fame and financial resources. Amongst the trash and ballyhoo spread so lavishly in usual war novels, the book stands almost alone in its truth and sincerity.

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"TEDDY" SCORNS WIND AND BELLS ON
INDEPENDENCE J. LUNT

(Part 3, Continued from last week)

Editor's Note: After a hard blow in the North Sea, the "TEDDY" bounces around for sixteen days and nights, such as bad or worse than the one described. Independence seems but a small and insignificant force in comparison to the jaws of an angry sea. But like those independence seeking individuals who have staked their all on the outcome of their purpose, the "TEDDY" bounces on its precarious way. Let's let the Captain continue:

I shall never forget one night off the Dutch coast. We were nine days out and had all the time been working against south eady and southwesterly gales. That evening the wind had shifted to the southeast, and in spite of a heavy sea, I had, once more, set all sails in order to make the most of the fair wind that had come at last. About 10 o'clock at night we sighted a light, which I guessed to be Ameland or Get. I could not be sure, of course, since I had no books relating to the lights or even a nautical almanac on board, and the antiquated North Sea Chart I was using gave obviously wrong characteristics of the lights.

However, I had been prepared for this and it did not disturb me greatly. I shaped a course along the coast, relying on the following lights to make my position clear. Well, we passed quite a few lights that night, but none of them would fit in with my old chart.

Meantime the wind had gradually shifted with the hands of the clock, starting from the southeast it pulled round to south and southwest, steadily increasing in force as it did so. We were bounding along at 9 knots per hour. Now, when a boat like ours is making 9 knots by the wind, one is constantly on the verge of destruction. Dawn found us with two reefs in the main sail and a full fore sail, approaching the coast on our starboard tack, attempting to make out our position and get into port, if possible.

It was blowing a fifty mile storm. A ten thousand ton steamer passed us at 200 yards distance, and I contrived to climb into the rigging and display the signals -- "Give us our bearing to Torshellig Lightship." He passed us affecting not to see our flag. There was nothing for it but to put our boat

on the other tack, take all rooves and heave to, while standing away from the shore.

Approach the coast further we could not on account of the breakers which bowled over the shallows inside us, and so far, actually surrounded us, where we were. It was quite exciting when several attempts to put "TEDDY" about miscarried. She would not turn about against the sea and to wear around would mean losing the rigging, which would surely be fatal under the circumstances. However, we eventually succeeded, took all rooves and hove too. When finished we had the satisfaction to see our friend the ten thousand tonner tumbling back into the shelter of the unknown port. She was then rolling so badly that we could see the skipper on the bridge. Our "TEDDY" was lying on the waves like a duck.

We were both very tired and presently we would hang out the side lights and turn in. For fourteen hours none of us ever poked his head above the deck.

I have not yet mentioned our phantom shipmate, the old pilot who looks after things when we are asleep and who has, more than once, given me timely warnings, yes, even called me in my sleep just in time to prevent us from running disaster. I suppose he kept the lookout then, as he has done so many times since. In fact, the best time we had in the North Sea, the Channel and the Bay of Biscaye, was when we were hove too, riding off a storm. And we were lucky that way, we had plenty of storms to have a good time in.

Our first port of call was LeHavre in France, where we eventually arrived. I had been there 2 years previously, having sailed over a hecht that had been sold to France, and I knew our consul, who is a good fellow. Good luck for us, since by exercising his influence, he saved us a good deal of expenses. The importance of his activity will be appreciated when I tell that our purse when leaving Norway, was exactly Kr. 1.60, which is about 45¢ American money.

We had a fine three weeks in France, lying in the middle of the town--in the Bassin de Commerce--together with other big yachts, belonging to other big financiers.

One day an Englishman paid us a visit. A Colonel with a stiff leg, I forget his name, and offered me one hundred fifty thousand francs if I would sell him my boat. Now this was three times as much as I had paid for her, including provisions and all, but, of course, I could not sell my kingdom for money, no matter how much. Said the Colonel, "I like your boat." To which I had to admit, "So do I." Said the Colonel, "I'm a very rich man." Said I, "Not rich enough to buy this boat."

Oh! with Archer built boats, its just like with old postage stamps. Their value increases with age as long as they are in good condition.

To add to the pleasure of our stay, Mr. Petit, Chief Editor of the newspaper, Le Petit Havre, wrote a series of articles in his paper under the heading: La Belle Aventure, and he was right, ours is La Belle Aventure.

Well, time went on, the leaves were falling, it grew chilly, we had to speed on in pursuit of the sun. We made sail for Coruna, Spain.

(Bound for the land of sunshine and soft voices, we leave you until next week.)

.....
 Mayor Ralph S. Baur of Lynn, Mass. said he saw much drinking at the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge last Saturday. He said he has ordered the Thanksgiving Day high school game either bono dry or it will be stopped. The Mayor said there was more interest taken in quart bottles and hip flasks than anything else. He also claimed that many women took pulls from the bottles the same as the men and neither the police nor the faculty interfered.

.....
 Two thirds of all the automobiles, half of the groceries and a third of the department store merchandise bought by Americans are obtained on credit, says't. Secretary of Commerce Klotin announced. The United States now has a retail credit business of \$25,000,000,000. per year, some of which is conducted on the installment plan. Bad debt losses of the Department stores are .4 of 1% on regular charge accounts and 1.1% on installment sales.

THE MISSION OF THE ONION (Contd.)

by
Don Heebner

When they had been at sea several days, the little onion from far, far out West began to fear that the trip would end without his having caught one glimpse of the sea. "You onions can stay in here and play Bridge if you like," he said, "but I'm going out on deck." With that he started, and as he neared the top of the box, a big hand reached in and grabbed a dozen or so of the larger Bommdas. The little fellow jumped back, and escaped. A big onion who also had a narrow escape, uttered a few whistle when everything was quiet again. "Well, son," he spoke paternally, "we nearly got into the soup that time."

After the ship docked in Aruba, nothing happened for several hours. The little onion was all apeg with excitement, wondering what Aruba was like. For a time he feared they were being overlooked. It was dark in the corner where they were, and the men who were unloading the ether freight appeared to miss their box completely. This made the little onion cry. He cried and cried, and salt tears splashed over him and his friends, who were also moved to tears. But their tears were not in vain.

Suddenly they heard two men talking. "Have we everything, Bill?" asked a chap called Doc. Bill looked around in the semi-darkness. "Yep, guess so," he said. Then, turning, he sniffed the air. "I smell onions." Following up the scent, he stumbled over the box. The little onion held his hands over his ears so as not to hear what Bill said as he picked himself up. Then someone grabbed the box of onions and soon they were out on a truck; riding, riding; goodness only knew where.

At the rear of a large building the truck stopped, and the box was tessed upon a platform. "Are those almond-eyed men natives?" asked the curious onion. Before any one could answer him, one of the men in question grabbed the box and started to carry it into the building. It proved to be heavier than he figured, and the box fell, spilling onions in every direction. The little onion rolled out and under a board. All of the larger onions were gathered up, but the little fellow was not found. He felt ably at being overlooked in this

"Just my luck!" he complained.

However, later in the day when he heard some of his onion friends yelling for help, he was glad he had not gone into the room, which he now learned was a kitchen.

Very early in life the little onion's mother had taught him that a kitchen was the one place in the world he must avoid. "They are a snare and a delusion," his fond parent had cautioned. "You have a mission in life; go and do it, but keep out of kitchens." Often the little fellow wondered what his mission was; he was big hearted, and wanted to spread happiness, but always it seemed he moved folks to tears. Perhaps here in Aruba he could fulfill his mission.

When all was still, he crept out from his hiding place and looked about. The fresh air which blow over him felt most refreshing. What a glorious climate. Something in that breeze made him feel very domestic--he wanted to settle down right there and raise a large family.

While thus lost in thought, a parrot which had been feeding upon rice nearby, flew down and pecked the onion. Instantly he became a very raw onion. "You've got your nerve" spoke up the irate little fellow, scowling at the bird.

"My error," squawked the parrot. "Gosh, but you're a hot one." And off she flew on a non-stop flight looking for water.

Rubbing his head, the little onion gazed about unmindful of approaching danger. A handsome young Stillman, entering by the rear door of the Mess Hall, spied the onion upon the platform. Quickly he stooped and snatched up the little ball. "You'll be one less to spoil the salad" cried the Stillman, and away sailed the onion thru the air, landing none too gently upon coral rock.

"Suits me," sighed the optimistic onion, rubbing his many bruises. "Maybe I'll find my mission in life out here." And he did--for just then along came a hungry goat.

As this is all the space we have, need more be said?

THE END